

# CHARITON COURIER.

C. P. VANDIVER, Editor and Proprietor.

MAN WAS MADE TO HUSTLE

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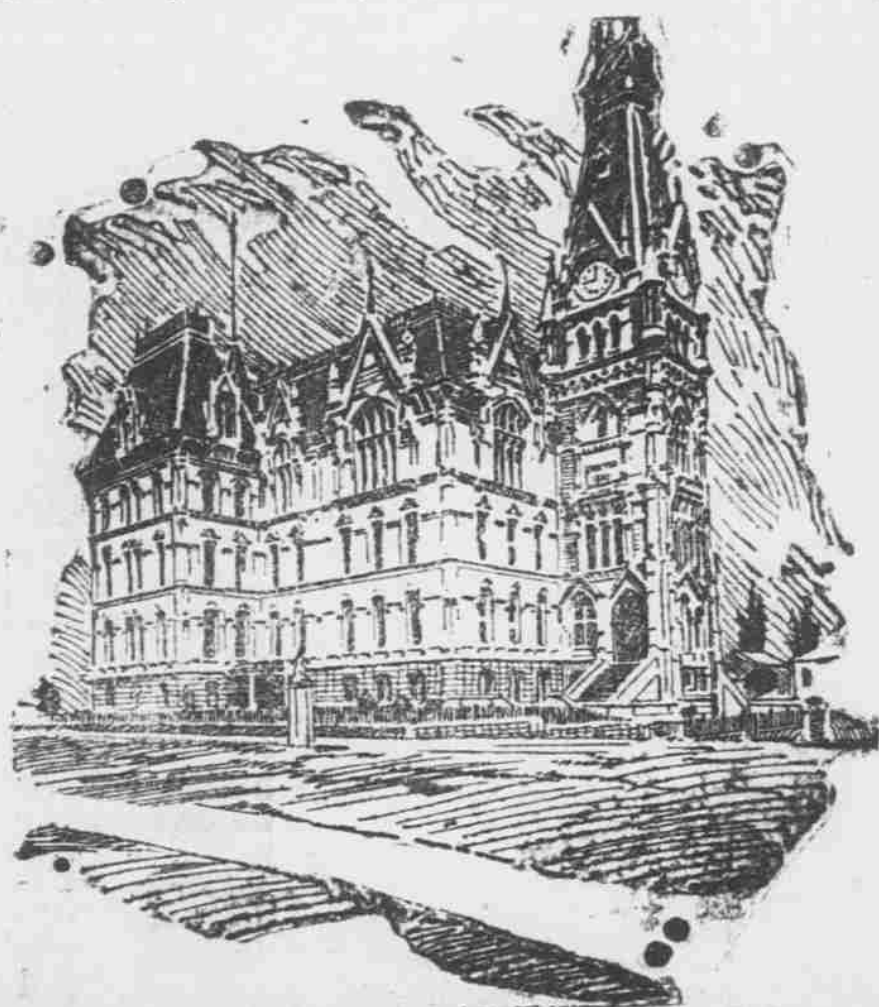
NUMBER 28

## THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

Fourteenth Annual Session at Portland, Oregon--The Editor of the COURIER Was There--Some Things He Saw in the Great West, and One Thing He Didn't Saw---Wood.

Thursday night, June 29th, the COURIER editor man and his wife and daughter left Keytesville over the splendidly equipped and ever popular Wabash railway to join a special train of editors, their wives, children or sweethearts at Chicago for the pur-

are adapted to grazing, and are especially fine for sheep. Notwithstanding the uninviting appearance of that state along the Union Pacific railway, the editors whose wives were with them had much difficulty to prevent their better halves from stopping in



Portland High School.

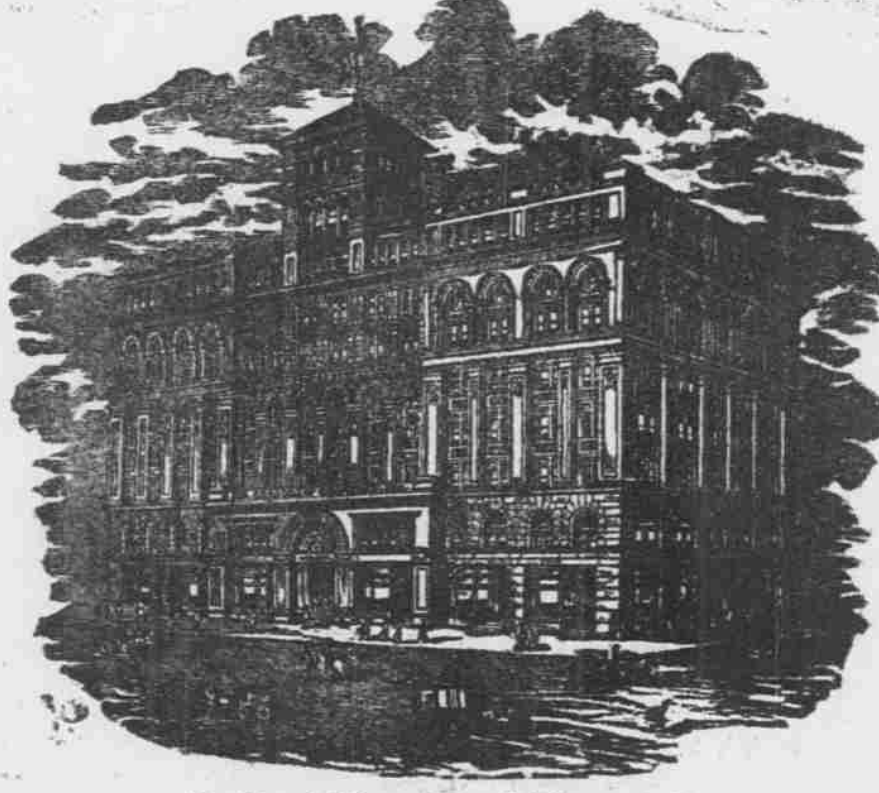
pose of attending the National Editorial association, which met in its 14th annual session at Portland, Oregon, July 5-7.

The special train out of Chicago left that city, Friday evening, June 30th, and consisted of 10 Pullman palacc cars with an editorial party of about 350 on board.

The Chicago & Northwestern, the pioneer railroad of that section, and of which W. B. Kniskern of Chicago is the genial and efficient general passenger agent, carried our party over its unsurpassed line from Chicago to Council Bluffs, Iowa, and from there the Union Pacific, the far-famed "Overland Route," was taken from Council Bluffs to Granger, Wyoming, from which place we were speeded over the Oregon Short Line to Huntington, Oregon, and from there con-

Wyoming long enough to vote, as they were curious to see how a woman felt while exercising the right to the election franchise, which is lovely woman's high and rare privilege in that state of sand, sagebrush and sheep.

We will here remark parenthetically that there were only two things that marred our pleasure in the least from Chicago to Portland. The first was the grabbing of a sandwich by some long-armed cuss at a lunch room after we had pushed our way to the counter among a lot of hungry editors and editresses who had not had anything to eat for about 12 hours. Sandwiches were at a premium, but we didn't get one and for that reason our cup of misery was filled to overflowing, and we are still carrying a gun for the villain who grabbed our sandwich and suddenly disappeared in the ravenous



Portland Chamber of Commerce.

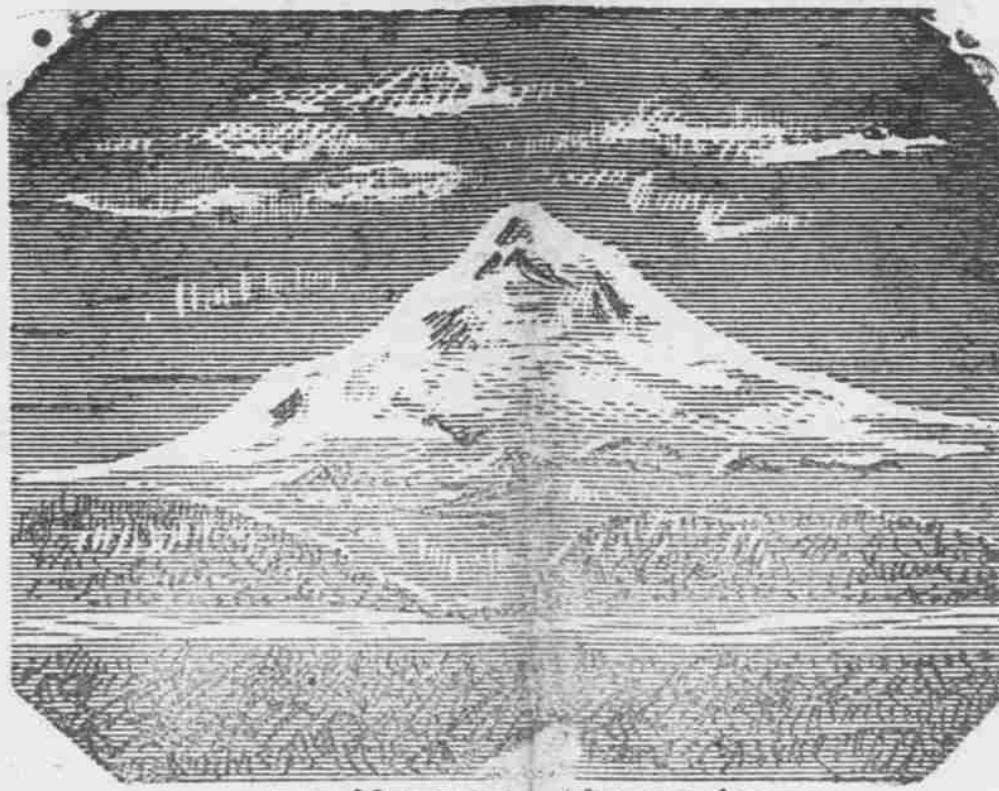
veyed to Portland by way of the favorite Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co.'s route.

After leaving Chicago and her 1,750,000 population behind we traversed many broad acres of the rich farming lands of Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska, the nature of which is familiar to most of the readers of the COURIER, the farm products raised being similar to those of Missouri.

The greater part of Wyoming through which we passed was a desert, still we were assured that the lands in a considerable portion of Wyoming

The second obstacle to our happiness was an attack of ulcerated sore throat with which we were taken a few hours after leaving Rawlins, Wyoming, where the editorial party partook of a bountiful dinner through the generous hospitality of the citizens of that enterprising and thriving little city.

We were unable to enjoy any of the remainder of the trip from 75 or 80 miles beyond Rawlins to Portland. On our arrival at Huntington, Oregon, our special train was met by a large



MOUNT HOOD  
11,225 FEET

delegation of Oregonians, mostly from Portland, composing the reception committee, who distributed a lavish supply of fine fruits, drinkables and lovely flowers, yet the COURIER editor man could only look on from his berth in the sleeper or while propped up in a seat with pillows. As soon as our indisposition was discovered by some good Samaritan of the reception committee we were at once placed in charge of Dr. S. T. Linklater, a fine-looking, jovial and skillful physician of Hillsboro, Oregon, 20 miles distant from Portland, who was also a prominent and active member of the reception committee. By the time we reached our destination we were in good shape, thanks to the superior skill of Dr. Linklater as a physician.

For several miles before reaching Portland the O. R. & N. railroad

state and territory in the union the day of the Fourth.

Most everyone who had gone to Portland on the special spent the night of their arrival on board the sleeping cars, and did not seek quarters for their stay in Portland until the next morning, when all expressed delight at the appearance of the bustling, hustling, beautiful city which had been chosen as the place for the 1899 meeting of the National Editorial association. It was certain from the first of our arrival that no mistake had been made in the place of meeting.

True, generous, western hospitality was extended on every hand to Portland's guests of the quill. We were all made to feel at home and the keys of the city were practically turned over to us.

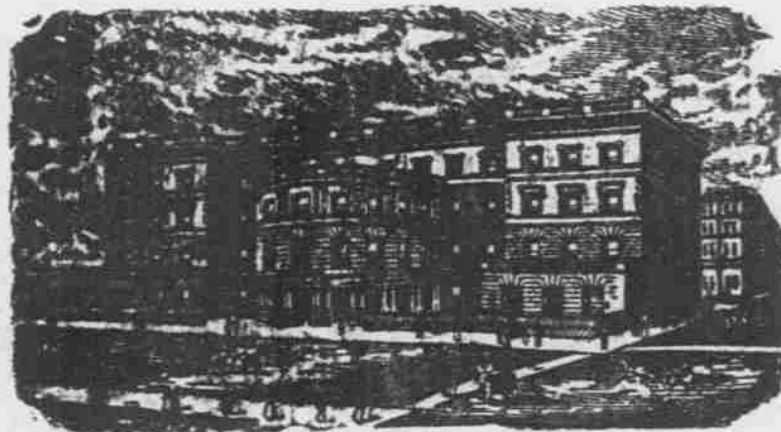


Bridal Veil Falls.

runs along the banks of the Columbia river, the scenery of which rivals that of the Hudson. There is not only rugged and picturesque mountain scenery along the Columbia, but there are also other numerous attractions, chief among which, perhaps, are the Salmon fisheries and Bridal Veil and Multnomah falls, the latter pouring over the mountain's summit for a distance of 842 feet and runs roaring and splashing into the Columbia river.

The special train on which the editorial party had traveled from Chicago to Portland, owing to un-

Portland has a population of nearly 100,000 and is in the midst of a productive farming and fruit country, which cannot, perhaps, be surpassed on the globe. She is also the largest city on the Pacific coast with the single exception of San Francisco, has varied manufacturing interests, and one of her leading lines of commerce is her enormous lumber and milling business. Oregon is noted for its immense forests of timber, and it has been estimated that at the present rate of consumption Oregon alone could furnish the entire United States in lumber for a hundred years to come.



Portland City Hall.

avoidable delays, did not reach Portland until about 9 o'clock on the night of July 4th--too late to join in the elaborate entertainment which had been provided for the representatives of the press from almost every

The headquarters of the National Editorial association were at "The Portland," one of the most superb hostilities of the West. "The Portland" was erected at a cost of \$1,000,000 and has ample facilities for

the entertainment of 1,000 guests.

The sessions of the association were held at the Markam theatre, and were gracefully and impressively presided over by President Joseph B. Maccabe of Boston, Mass.

The usual routine at such gatherings was gone through with and consisted of addresses of welcome, responses and the regular program of exercises covering the reading of various papers and their discussion, looking to the advancement and betterment of the newspaper profession. Among other interesting features on the program were the memorial services, conducted at the First Baptist church Wednesday night, in sacred memory and honor of the lamented Eugene Field, and were in charge of Hon. Wolf Lodonner, ex-mayor of Denver, Colorado, who was an ardent

the high order of their ability to entertain the editorial guests by social converse music and the serving of dainty refreshments.

Friday night was devoted to attendance upon a swell reception at "The Portland," which was given the visitors by the Portland Press club and several charming ladies of that city. This reception, too, was a brilliant success and comprised vocal and instrumental music, recitations, tripping the light fantastic toe and the partaking of a feast of choice edibles. Truly we found the men and women of Portland princes and princesses.

Our attention was next turned to seeing the sights of Portland, the business of the editorial association having been completed and the gay round of social pleasures were at an end.



Eastern Oregon Quartz Mines.

admirer and close friend of Mr. Field in his lifetime.

Thursday and Friday completed the work of the association. New Orleans was selected as the next place of meeting and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, R. J. Henry, Jackson, Miss.; first vice-president, Matt Parrott, Waterloo, Iowa; second vice-president, F. B. Ballio, Cleborne, Tex.; third vice-president, Albert Tozier, Portland, Oregon; treasurer, Jas. G. Gibbs, Norwalk, Ohio; corresponding secretary, J. M. Page, Jerseyville, Ill.; recording secretary, R. M. White, Mexico, Mo. The following gentlemen were chosen as executive committeemen from Missouri: W. T. Jenkins, Platte City Landmark, Missouri Press association; J. W. Jacks, Montgomery City Standard, Northeast Missouri Press association; H. E. Robinson, Maryville Republican,

Portland is a wide-awake, up-to-date city, has a large number of imposing business houses and public buildings besides many elegant private residences and their attractive grounds. There are roses everywhere. And such roses! At a rose show in Portland we saw several hundred varieties, some of which measured 6 1-2 inches in diameter. We thought we had seen roses before; we changed our mind after visiting the rose show and taking a drive around the city through the courtesy of Frank McFarland of Portland, superintendent of agents for the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York.

By ascending Portland heights or by a visit to Riverview park a fine view of Portland and surrounding country is afforded. There were to the north and east the snow-capped peaks of Mt. Helen, Mt. Ranier and Mt. Adams, while on the south and



Pillars of Hercules

Northwest Missouri Press association; Col. J. G. Newbill, Springfield Express, Southwest Missouri Press association.

Two social functions were sandwiched in with the regular program, Thursday and Friday nights, respectively, the first being a delightful reception given at the Oregon Road Club house and pretty lawn by the Woman's club whose members proved

east towered Mt. Hood, Mt. Jefferson and the Three Sisters. Mt. Hood is the pride of every Oregonian and is 11,225 feet above the level of the sea. Its summit, too, is covered with snow the year around. Although 56 miles distant from Portland, its gray foothills descend to kiss the rich and productive valleys that spread out their fertile soil to the banks of the Will-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.)